The Croxley Master

From the Green Flag and Other Stories == Part II. (Converting by the Author)

the Master had his counter ready, and Montgomery reeled back from a harder blow than he had given. Anastasia, the woman, gave a shrill ery of encourage-ment, and her man let fly his right. Mont-gomery ducked under it and in an in-stant the two were in each other's arms. "Break away! Break away! said the

referee.

The Master struck upward on the break, The Master struck upward on the break, and shook Montgomery with the blow. Then it was time. It had been a spirited opening round. The people buzzed into comment and applause. Montgomery was quite fresh, but the hairy chest of the Master was rising and falling. The man passed a sponge over his head, while Anastasia flapped the towel before him. "Good lass! Good lass!" cried the crowd, and cheered. and cheered.

and cheered.

The men were up again, the Master grimly watchful, Montgomery as alert as a kitten. The Master treld a sudden rush, squattering along with his awkward gait, but coming faster than one would think. —e student slipped aside and avoided him. The Master stopped, grinned and shook his head. Then he mottored with his hand as an invitation as Montgomery to come to him. The stunotioned with his hand as an invitation to Montgomery to come to him. The student did so, and led with his left, but a swinging right counter in the ribs in exchange. The heavy blow staggered him, and the Master came scrambling in to complete his advantage; but Montgomery with his greater activity, kept out of danger until the call of "time." A tame round and the directions with the Master.

ger until the call of "time," A tame round and the advantage with the Master. "T" Maister's too strong for him," said a smelter to his neighbor. "Ay; but t'other's a likely lad. Happen we'll see some sport yet. He can joomp

we'll see some sport yet. He can joomp rarely."
But t' Maister can stop and hit rarely. Happen he'll mak' him joomp when he gets his nief upon him."
They were up again, the water glistening upon their faces. Montgomery led instantly and got his right home with a sounding smack upon the Master's forehead. There was a shout from the colliers, and "Silence! Order! from the referee. Montgomery avoided the counter and scored with his left, Fresh appliance, and scored with his left. Fresh applause, and the referee upon his feet in indignation, "No comments, gentlemen, if you

please, during the rounds."
"Just bide a bit!" growled the Master.
"Don't talk—fight!" said the referee angrily.

Mentgomery rubbed in the point by a flush hit upon the mouth, and the Mas-ter shambled back to his corner like an angry bear, having had all the worst of

"Where's that seven to one?" shouted Purvis, the publican. "I'll take six to

There were no answers.

"Five to one:" There were givers at ast. Purvis booked them in a tattered

notebook.

Montgomery began to feel happy. He lay back with his legs outstretched, his back against the corner-post; and one gloved hand upon each rope. AVhat a deliclous minute it was between each round. If he could only keep out of harm's way, he must surely wear this man out before the end of twenty rounds. He was so slow that all his strength went for nothing. "You're fightin' a winnin' fint-

slow that all his strength went for nothing. "You're fightin' a winnin' fight." Ted Barton whispered in his ear. "Go canny; tak' no chances; you have him proper."

But the Master was crafty. He had fought so many battles with his malmed limb that he knew how to make the best of it. Warlly and slowly he manceutyred round Montgomery, steeping forward and yet again forward until he had imperentially backed him into his corner. The student suddenly saw a flash of triumph upon the grim face, and a gleam in the dull, malignant eyes. The Master was upon him. He sprang aside and was on the ropes. The Master smashed in one of his terrible upper cuts and Montgomery half broke it with his guard. The student aprang the other way and The student sprang the other way and was against the other converging rose. He was trapped in the angle. The Master was awainst the other conversing rone. He was trapped in the angle. The Master sent in another, with a hoggish grunt which spoke of the energy behind it. Monigomery ducked, but got a jab from the left upon the mark. He closed with his man. "Break away! Break away! cried the referee. Montgomery disengaged, and got a awinging blow on the car as he did so. It had been a damnging round for him, and the Croxley people were shouting their delight. "Gentlemen, I will not have this noise!" Stableton roared. "I have been accustomed to preside at a well conducted citib, and not at a bear garden." This little man, with the tilted hat and the bulging forbead, dominated the whole essembly. He was like a headmaster among his boys. He glared round him, and nobody cared to meet his eye.

Anastasia had kissed the Master when he resumed his seat. "Good lass. Do't again!" cried the laughing crowd, and the angry Moster shook his glove at her, as she flapped her towe! in front of him. Montgomery was weary and a little sore, but not depressed. He had learned some-

Montgomery was weary and a little sore, but not depressed. He had learned some-thing. He would not again be tempted

ONTGOMERY—Craggs!" said he. A great hush fell over the huse assembly. Even the dogs stopped yapping; one might have thought the monistrous room was empty. The two men had stood up, the small white gloves over their hands. They advanced from their corners shook hands! Montgomery gravely, Craggs with a smile. Then they fell into position. The crowd gave a long sigh—the lindake of a thousand excited breaths. The referee tilted his chair on to its back logs and looked moodily critical from one to the other.

It was strength against activity—that was evident from the first. The Master showed no sign of a touch, but his breathing a tremendous pedestal; one could hardly imagine his being knocked down. And he could pivot round upon it with extraordinary quickness; but his advance or retreat was ungalnly. His frame, however, withich had done so. It was that of Robert Montgomery.

Any nervousness which he may have heart of Robert Montgomery.

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Any nervousness which he may have had completely passed away now, that he had his work before him. Here was something definite—this hard faced, deformed Hercules to beat, with a carrer as the price of beating him. He glowed with the Joy of action, it thrilled through his nerves. Ho faced his man with littin in-and-out steps, breaking to the right feeling his way, while Craggs, with a dull malignant eye, plyoted slowly upon his weak leg, his left arm half extended, his right sunk low across the mark, Montgomery led with his left, and then led again, getting lightly home each time. He tried gain but the Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had given. Annastias, and Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had given. Annastias, and Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had given. Annastias, and Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had given. Annastias, and Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had given. Annastias, and Montgomery reded back from a harder blow than he had

return lacked his usual free. Again Montgomery led, and again he got home. Then
he tried his right upon the mark, and
the Master guarded it downwards.
"Too low! Too low! A foul! A foul!"
yelled a thousand volces.
The refereo rolled his sardonic eyes
slowly round. "Seems to me this buildin'
is chockfull or referees," said he.
The people laughed and applauded, but
their favor was as immaterial to him as
their anger.

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"No applause, please! This is not a theatre!" he yelled.

Montgomery was very pleased with himself. His adversary was evidently in a bad way. He was piling on his points and establishing a lead. He might as well make hay while the sun shone. The Master was looking all abroad. Montgomery popped one upon his blue jow and got away without a return. And then the Master suddenly dropped both hands and began rubbing his thigh. Ahi that was it, was it? He had muscular cramp. cramp.

"Go in! Go in!" cried Teddy Barton. Montgomery sprang wildly forward and the next instant was lying half sense-less, with his neck nearly broken, in the middle of the ring.

less, with his neck nearly broken, in the middle of the ring.

The whole round had been a long conspiracy to tempt him within reach of one of those terrible right-hand uppercuts for which the Master was famous. For this the listless, weary bearing, for this the cramp in the thigh. When Montgomery had sprang in so hotly he had exposed himself to such a blow as neither flesh nor blood could stand. Whizzing up from below with a rigid arm, which put the Master's eleven stone into its force, it struck him under the jaw; he whirled half round and fell a helpless and half-paraiyzed mass. A rague groan and nurmur, inarticulate, too excited for words, rose from the great audience. With open mouths and staring eyes they gazed at the twitching and quivering figure.

"Stand back! Stand right back!" shrieked the referee, for the Master was standing over his man, ready to give him the coup-de-grace as he rose.

"Stand back. Craggs, this instant!" Stapleton repeated.

The Master sank his hands sulkily and walked backward to the rope with his

The Master sank his hands sulkly and The Master sank his hands sulkly and walked backward to the rope with his ferocious eyes fixed upon his fallen antagonist. The timekeeper called the seconds. If ten of them passed before Montgomery rose to his feet the fight was ended, Ted Barton wrung his hands and danced about in an agony in his corner.

As if in a dream—a terrible nightmare—the student could hear the voice of the timekeeper—three—four—five—he got up on his hand—six—seven—he was on his knee, sick, swimming, faint, but resolute to rise. Eight—he was up, and the Master was on him like a tiger, lashing savagely at him with both hands. Folk held their breath as they watched these terrible blows, and anticipated the pitiful end—so much more pitiful where a game, but helpless, mun refuses to accept defeat.

blind eye of which the Master's son had spoken. It was the same as the other to look at, but Montgomery remembered that he had said that it was the left. He recied to the left side, half felled by a drive which lit upon his shoulder. The Master pivoted round upon his leg and was at him in an instant.

But Montgomery was too cool to fall a victim to any of those murderous oppercuts. He kept out of harm's way with a wind the was swift to duck. And yet he will be also also be a more present the same appear-

"Yark him, lad! yark him!" screamed

"Hold your tongue!" said the referee.
Montgomery slipped to the left again and yet again; but the Master was too quick and clever for him. He struck round and got him full on the face as he tried once more to break away. Montgomery's knees weakened under him, and he fell with a groun upon the floor. This time he knew that he was done. With hitter agony he realized, as he groped blindly with his hands, that he could not possibly raise himself. Far away and muffied he heard, and the murmurs of the multitude, the fateful voice of the timekeeper counting off the seconds.
"One—two—three—four——five—six—"

"One-two-three-four-five-six-"

timekeeper counting off the seconds.

"One-two-three-four—five-six—"
"Time!" said the referce.

The pent-up passion of the great assembly broke loose. Croxley gave a deep groan of disappointment. The Wilsons were on their feet, yelling with delight. There was still a chance for them. In four more seconds their man would have been solemnly counted out. But now he had a minute in which to recover. The referce looked round with relaxed features and laughing eyes. He loved this rough game, this school for humble heroes, and it was pleasant for him to intervere as a Deux ex machina at so dramatic a moment. His chair and his hat were both titled at an extreme angle; he and the timekeeper smiled at each other. Tod Barton and the other second rushed out and thrust an arm each under Montgomery's knee, the other behind his toles, and so carried him back to his stool. His head tolled upon his shoulders, but a douche of cold water sent a shiver through him, and he started and looked round him.

"He's a right!" cried the people round.

For three rounds the honors were fairly equal. The student's hitting was the quicker, the Master's the harder. Profiting by his lesson, Montgomery kept himself in the open, and refused to be hereded into a corner. Sometimes the hereded into a corner. Sometimes the head to do. But he was still very wask, and he hardly dared to hope that he could survive another round.

"Seconds out of the ring!" cried the feree. "Time!" referee. "Time!"
The Croxley Master sprang engerly off

The Croxley Master sprang eagerly off his stool.

"Keep clear of him! Go easy for a bit," said Barton, and Montgomery walked out to meet his man once more.

He had had two lessons—the one when the Master got him into his corner, the other when he had been lured into mixing it up with so powerful an antagonist. Now he would be wary. Another blow would finish him; he could afford to run no risks. The Master was determined to follow up his advantage, and rushed at him, slogging furiously right and left. But Montgomery was too young and active to be caught. He was strong upon his legs once more, and his wits had all come back to him. It was a gallant sight—the lino-of-battleship trying to pour its overwhelming broadside into the frigate, and the frigate manoeuvering always so as to avoid it. The Master tried all his ring-craft. He coaxed the student up by pretended inactivity; he rushed at him with furious rushes toward the ropes. For three rounds he exhausted every wile in trying to get at him.

Montgomery during all this time was

oxhausted every wile in trying to get at him.

Montgomery during all this time was conscious that his strength was minute by minute coming back to him. The spinal jar from an uppercut is overwhelming, but evanescent. He was losing all senge of it beyond a great stiffness of the neck. For the first round after his downfall he had been content to be entirely on the defensive, only too happy if lid could stall off the furious attacks of the Master. In the second he occasionally ventured upon a light counter. In the third he was smacking back merrily where he saw an opening. His people yelled their approval of him at the end of every round. Even the ironworkers cheered him with that fine unselfishness which true sport engenders. To most of them, unspiritual and unimaginative, the sight of this clean limbed young Apollo, rising above disaster and holding on while consciousness was in him to his appointed task, was the greatest thing their experience had over known.

But the Master's naturally morose toin-

But the Master's naturally morose temper became more and more murderous at this postponement of his hopes. Three rounds ago the battle had been in his hands; now it was all to do over again. Round by round his man was recovering his strength. By the fifteenth he was strong again in wind and limb. But the vigilant Anastasia saw something which encouraged her.

strong attain in which encouraged her.

"That bash in t' ribs is telling on him, Jock," she whispered. "Why else should he be guiping t' brandy? Go in lad, and thou hast him yet."

Montgomery had suddenly taken the flask from Barton's hand and had a deep pull at the contents. Then, with his face a little flushed and with a curious look of purpose, which made the referce stare hard at him, in his eyes, he rose for the sixteenth round.

"Game as a partridge!" cried the publican, as he looked at the hard set face.

"Mix it oop, lad; mix it oop!" cried the iron men to their Master.

And then a hum of exultation ran through their ranks as they realized that their tougher, harder, stronger man held

And then a hum of exultation ran through their ranks as they realized that their tougher, harder, stronger man held the vantage after all.

Neither of the men showed much sign of punishment. Small gloves crush and numb, but they do not cut. One of the Master's eyes was even more flush with his cheek than Nature had made it. Montgomery had two or three lived marks upon his body, and his face was haggard save for that pink spot which the brandy had brought into either cheek. He rocked a little as he stood opposite his man, and his hands drooped as if he felt the gloves to be an unutterable weight. It was evident that he was spent and desperately wenry. If he received one other blow it must surely be fatal to him. If he brought one home, what power could there be behind it, and what chance was there of its harming the colussus in front of hin? It was the crisis of the fight. This round must decide it. "Mix it oop, led; mix to opp?" the iron men whooped. Even the savage eye of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to make the crisis of the referee was unable to the crisis o savage eye of the referee was unable to restrain the excited crowd.

savage system that excited crowd.

Now, at last, the chance had come for Montgomery. He had learned a lesson from his more experienced rival. Why should he not play his own game unon him? He was spent, but not nearly so spent as he pretended. That brandy was to call up his reserves, to let him have strength to take full advantages of the opening when it came. It was thrilling and tingling through his veins, at the very moment which he was lurching and recking like a beaten mun. He acted his part admirably. The Master felt that there was an easy task before him, and bis part admirably. The Master felt that without volition, without effort, there was an easy task before him, and rushed in with ungainly activity to finish thing which could have saved him—the blind eye of which the Master's son had specken. It was the same as the cluster of the same as th against the ropes, swinging in his fero-cious blows with those animal grunts, which told of the vicious energy behind

which was swift to duck. And yet he contrived to present the same appearance of a man who is hopelessly done. The Master, weary from his own shower of bows, and fearing nothing from so weak a man, dropped his hand for an instant, and at that instant Montgomery's

of bows, and fearing nothing from so weak a man, dropped his hand for an instant, and at that instant Montgomery's right came home.

It was a magnificent blow, straight, clean, crisp, with the force of the loins and the back behind it. And it landed where he had meant it to—upon the exact point of that blue-grained chin. Flesh and blood could not stand such a blow in such a place. Neither valor nor hard-ihoed can save the man to whom it comes. The Master fell backwards, flat, prostrate, striking the ground with so simultoreous a clap that it was like a shutter failing from a wall. A yell which no referee could control broke from the crowded benches as the glant went down. Its lay upon his back, his knees a little drawn up, his huge chest panting. He twitched and shook, but could not move this feet pawed convulsively once or twice. It was no use. He was done. "Eightmine-ten!" said the timekeeper, and the roar of a thousand voices, with a deafening chap like the brondside of a ship, told that the Master of Croxley was the Master no more.

Montgomery stood half dazed, looking down at the huge, prostrate figure. He could hardly realize that it was indeed all over. He saw the referee motion toward him with his hand. He heard his name bellowed in triumph from every side. And then he was aware of some one rushing toward him, he caught a glimpse of a flushed face and an aureoie of thying red hair, a gloveless flat strick him between the eyes, and he was on his back in the ring beside his antegonist, while a dozen at his supporters were successful and he was on his back in the ring beside his antegonist, while a dozen at his supporters were successful and he was a verticed benjo string, and he was of the referee, the screaming of the furious woman, and the crices of the mob. Then something seemed to break like an

The dressing was like a thing in a

dream, and so was a vision of the Mas-ter with the grin of a builded upon his face, and his three teeth amiably pro-truded. He shook Montgomery heartly

face, and his three teeth amiably protruded. He shook Montgomery heartly by the hand.

"I would have been rare pleased to shake thee by the throttle, lad, a short while syne," said he. "But I bear no illifeedin' again' theer It was rare pooneh that brought me down. I have not had a better day since my second fight wi Billy. Bdwards in '8. Happened thou might think o' goin' further wi' this business. If thou dost, and want a trainer, there's not much inside t' ropes as I don't know. Or happen thou might like to try it wi' me old style and bare knowks to find mo."

But Montgomery disclaimed any such ambition. A canvass bag was his share—one hundred and ninety sovereigns—was handed to him, of which he gave ten to the Master, who also received some share of the gate money.

Then, with young Wilson escorting him on one side, Purvis on the other, and Paweett earrying his bag behind, he went in triumph to his carriage, and drove amid a long roar, which lined the highway like a hedge for the seven miles, back to his starting point.

"It's the greatest thing I over saw in my life. By George, it's ripping!" orled Wilson, who had been left in a kind of ecstacy by the events of the day. "There's a chap over Barnsley way who fancies himself a bit. Let us spring you on him, and let him see what he can make of you. We'll put up a purse—won't we, Purvis You shall never want a backer."
"At his weight," said the publican, "I'm behind him, I am, for twenty

"At his weight," said the publican, "I'm behind him, I am, for twenty rounds, and no age, country or color barred."
"So am T"

"So am I," cried Fawcett; "middle"So am I," cried Fawcett; "middleweight champion of the world, that's
what he is—here, in the same carriage
with us."
But Montgomery was not to be beguilled.
"No; I have my own work to do now"
"And what may that be?"
"I'll use this money to get my medical
degree"

degree"
"Well, we've plenty of doctors, but you're the only man in the Riding that could smack the Croxley Master off his legs. However, I suppose you know your own business best. When you're a doctor, you'd best come down into these parls and you'll always find a job waiting for you at the Wilson coal pits."
Montgomery had returned by devious ways to the surgery. The horses were smoking at the door and the doctor was just back from his long journey. was just back from his long journey Several patients had called in his absence and he was in the worst of tem-

Several patients had called in his absence and he was in the worst of tempers.

"I suppose I should be glad that you have come back at all, Mr. Montgomery!" he snarled "When next you elect to take a holiday I trust it will not be at so usay a time."

"I am source the first that you should have been inconventenced."

"Yes, sir I have been exceedingly inconventenced. Here for the first time he looked hard at the assistant. "Good heavens, Mr. Montgomery, what have you been doing with your left eye?"

It was where Anastasia had lodged her protest. "A still your left eye?"

It was where Anastasia had lodged her protest. "A still your jaw. It is, "fideed, terrible that my representative-should be going about in so disreputable a condition. How did you receive these injuries?"

"Well, sir, as you know, there was a little glove fight to-day over at Croxley."

"And you got mixed up with them."

"And who assaulted you?"

"One of the fighters."

"The Master of Croxley."

"Good heavens! Perhaps you interfered with him?"

"Well, tell the truth, I did a little."

"Mr. Montgomery in such a practice as

with him?"
"Well, to tell the truth, I did a little."
"Mr. Montgomery in such a practice as mine, intimately associated as it is with the highest and most progressive elements of our small community, it is inspectible."

possible—"
But just then the tentative bray of a cornet player searching for his keynous jarred upon their ears, and an instant later the Wilson Colliery brass bund was in full cry with "See the Conquering Hero Comes," outside the surgery window. There was a banner waving, and a shouting crowd of miners.
"What is it? What does it mean?"
cried the angry doctor:

eried the angry doctor:

"It means, sir, that I have, in the only way which was open to me, earned the money which is necessary for my education. It is my duty, Dr. Oldaere, to warn you that I am about to return to the university and that you should lose no time in appointing my successor."

WORLD AT LARGE &

HANOVER, GERMANY .- The one hunredth anniversary of the formation of the former Hanoverian regiments was the occasion to-day of a considerable celebration. Emperor William reviewed the regiments and some thousands of veterans of the old Hanoverian army. The Emperor made an address in a loud one of voice, and was enthusiastically cheered.

HOUSTON, TEX .- The business portion of the town of Carthage, coldity seat of Panola county, Texas, burned to-day, .058, \$60,000; Insurance, \$15,000.

CHARLESTON, S. C.—The torpedo flo-tilla selled to-day for Key West, Where it will join the squadron for the winter-manoeuries.

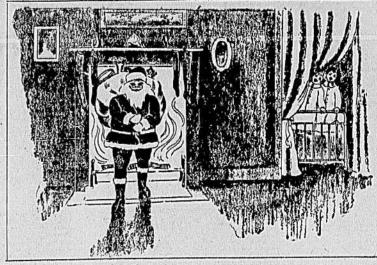
WASHINGTON .- It was stated at the Navy Department to-day that the cruisor New York, now in Puget Sound, is un-der orders to go to San Francisco, as soon as repairs are completed. After taking on supplies there, she will go to the lethmus to act as Admiral Glass'

BEAUMONT, TEX.-Crude oil, which has been selling up to 72 cents per bar-rel within three days, dropped back from 5c cents to 43 cents to-day, increased production being the direct cause.

CHRISTMAS TREES. Watch for our wagon with samples of nursery grown trees Tuesday and Wednasday, on Franklin and Grace Streets.

W. T. HOOD & CO.

Rush!! Rush!!! Rush!



That's just what shopping is going to be this week and you'll find it to your advantage to go to the store that gives you the quickest service and the largest stock to pick from—that store in the Furniture and Carpet line, is

JURGENS'.

A FEW REMARKS.

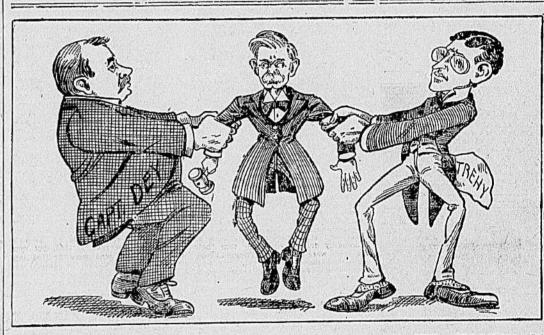
We've had several dozen people tell us that we had all the other stores skinned to death on Book Cases, Desks and Combination Cases.

For a gift to an employer nothing surpasses a Leather Turkish Rocker or Couch. You forget you're living when you sit in one of ours.

Our present stock of Rugs and large-sized Druggets is as good as the one we

Just a few more \$3.85 Morris Chairs left—come quick. We hardly think it's necessary to remind you that we've got a big assortment of Rocking Chairs, etc., etc., showed in September. and we're busy, so won't say any more.

419-21 E. Broad St. Credit Given On Any Purchase If It'll Help You.



STRONG PULL ON STATE CHAIRMAN. LONG PULL, AND

BUILD AT ST. LOUIS SOON AS POSSIBLE

An Important Meeting Is Held by the Virginia Commission.

The Virginia Commission for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition met at their office on Governor Street last night, President Koiner in the chair, and Messrs. A. M. Bowman and J. L. Patton pres-NEWS IN BRIEF FROM Prest, also Assistant Commissioner W. W. Baker, and Superintendent G. W. Murrell, Messrs. T. C. Morton and O. W. Stone were likewise present.

Stone were likewise present.

The meeting was an important one, as it was finally and definitely determined to reproduce Monticello and to take the necessary steps at once to begin work on the building, and to empower Mr. W. Baker to accompany Captain Thornton Marye, the architect, to St. Louis, to make the necessary arrangements for creeting the structure in the grove of take which has been assigned to Virginia.

ginia.

A communication was received from Captain Marye saying that in a few days he would accompany the Mayor of Atlanta to St. Louis and arrange to erect an Atlanta building there. By combining his two operations the expense will be much reduced.

ing his two operations the expense will be much reduced.

The superintendent was instructed to secure another thousand bushels of corn for exhibit in the corn tower, which will be fifty-two feet high and will require two thousand bushels, much of which has already been presented to the State for that purpose. An offer was received from the supervisors of Buckingham county to pay 500 towards the expenses of a man to be employed in getting up a mineral exhibit from that county. This proposition was thankfully accepted by the commission, and the necessary sleps will be taken to get up a good exhibit from that county.

After a busy session, during which much other business was transacted, the commission adjourned after 11 o'clock.

VIRGINIA BRIEFS.

TETTINGTON, VA. Dec. 10.—Judge Sidney Smith, of Williamsburg, presided over the Charles City County Court on Thursday last, in place of Judge Isaac H. Christian, who is confined to his house by sickness, though reported much improved. WINCHESTER, VA.-T. H. Clasgett

WINCHESTER, VA.-T. H. Classedt formerly of Clarke county; but now a mining engineer with Selwyn M. Tay-lor, will leave Pittshurg this week for London, en routs to Borneo, to make an inspection of some extensive coal conces-sions belonging to an English banking

soma belonging to the Large building of the Bouthwest Virginia Trust Company marrowly escaped destruction by fire to, day. The fire started in the cellar from the turnace, and the smoke was so stiffing that the firemen had great difficulty in extinguishing the flames. The loss is about \$2.600, fully covered by insurance.

MEHERRIN, VA.—The result of the election held in Leigh District, Prince

Rev. Mr. Cutler's Death.

To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Through the columns of your paper desire to thank my friends for their let ters of sympathy which I have received since the death of my husband, Mr. L. A. Cutler.

I have received so many telegrams and

letters from friends asking the cause of his illness, how long he was sick, etc. that it would be impossible for me to an

kitters from friends asking the cause of his illness, how long he was sick, etc., that it would be impossible for me to answer all by pen.

Mr. Cutler had not been in good health for a year or more. When he left home for his last appointment, which was November 14th, I insisted that he remain st home, but he replied that it was very important that he should go; that there was a misunderstanding among some of his church members, and he wished to try to make things right.

He preached at the morning service on Sunday, but was too ill to address his congregation at night. Dr. Crittendon, his friend, with whom he was staying, advited him to come home, rest up and try to get well.

He returned home Monday night following, happy in the conviction that his members were at peace with one another, but so feeble that he retired at once to his bed, and growing gradually werse, passed away at 3:15 o'clock, A. M., on November 25th.

When we first called in our family doctor, he turned to me and said, "Brother Cutler has simply worn himself out with his lifeig work."

When Mr. Cutler has simply worn himself out with his lifeig work."

When Mr. Cutler has simply worn himself out with his lifeig work."

When Mr. Cutler has simply worn himself out with his lifeig work."

When Mr. Cutler was but a boy of sixteen years, he prayed in public and made short friks in church.

During the long course of his ministry, a period of nearly fifty years, he never rested from his labors—labors always painstaking and in the interest of Christ and wellowed in assisting his brethren in holding nicetings or in preaching for churches not having a pastor.

His churches, it is true, sometimes gove him vacations, but these were used in assisting his brethren in holding nicetings or in preaching for churches not having a pastor.

His whole life was one of devotion to the cause of Christ, and when the Master called him, he was ready—singing only two nights before his death, "It is Well With My Soul."

I thank my friends for their love and sympathy, and

Very truly,
Mrs. L. A. CUTLER.
Lousia, Va., Dec. 18, 1903.

Edward county, to get the sentiment of the voters to establish a dispensary at this place, was us to 7 in favor of the bill. The dispensary will be opened Justinary Ist.

DANVILLE, VA.—The Elks to morrow will distribute 700 tickets to the poor children of the city, inviting them to their Christmas treat to be given by the local lodge at the Municipal Building on Christmas afternoon. Each child is to have a present and fruits and candy.

DANVILLE, VA.—The Pittsylvania, County Club, an organization just outside of the city limits, was fined \$100 to the Pollec Court this morning on the charge of selling liquor to minors. An appeal was noted.

WINCHESTER, VA.—The Winchester Memorial Hospital to-day accepted the offer of Mrs. Lewis 11. Hyde, of New York, to erect large sun parlors at that institution for the use of convalescents.

Mrs. Hyde is the daughter of the late Pavid McGuire, of Clarke county, and has given about \$10.000 to the hospital here.

MADE HIS ESCAPE

FROM LENOIR JAIL

Wautauga County Desperado Breaks From Prison Bars

Another Time.

(By Associated Press.)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 19.—Boone Fouter, a young white man, who is known as "the Wautauga cointy desperado in the Wautauga county Desperado Breaks From Prison Bars

Another Time.

(By Associated Press.)

CHARLOTTE, N. C., Dec. 19.—Boone Fouter, a young white man, who is a number of people and awaiting trial for his life, escaped from jail at Lenoir, N. C., to-day by removing several botts from a section of his cell. Potter forced a negro prisoner to go with him for several miles to prevent his giving forced a negro prisoner to go with him for sevenil miles to prevent his giving

for sevent lines to prevent his germs the slarm. Fotter has been in fall a number of times, last as often has made his escape. His last arrest occurred in Montana, where he had fled from officers in this State.

CONSTANTINOPLE — Rear - Admirat Cotton left Beirut yesterday on board the United States cruiser San Francisco, tale-ing Consul Davis to Alexandria.

A Little

is not to be despised, for it frequently happens that the smallest investment

Investment

Biggest

Returns

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Want Columns

and experience has proven that the returns are int-mense. Tee-Dee want ads, pay because so many thousands of people read them every day

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